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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Urey Woodson, secretary of the national committee, states that he not only favors a postponement of the national convention, but also taking it away from Baltimore, where, he says, the hotel keepers are violating their pledges not to raise their rates.

Secretary Knox made his first speech in Panama Wednesday. This speech, while delivered before the acting President of Panama, Senor R. Rodolfo Chirria, was in reality addressed to all the countries he will visit and include an explanation of the attitude of the United States towards South and Central America. Mr. Knox said the President believed the early completion of the canal should mark the beginning of closer relations between the United States and all Latin-Americas; that the purpose of the United States towards all the American republics was to live in amity and essential harmony, and that the United States desired more peace, more prosperity more happiness and more security in their national lives. He declared the United States craved neither sovereignty nor territory in Latin-America.

Caught Stealing a Bath.

Fort Worth, Tex., Mar. 1—Chief of Police Renfro and three policemen were called to a barbershop late last night to arrest burglars. With drawn revolvers they opened the door of a bathroom where the "burglars" were hiding and were amazed to find two pretty young women, entirely nude, hatching in the tub. Feminine screams startled passers-by. The two girls threw water into the Chief's face, who beat a retreat. Later he arrested them for stealing a bath. They gave their names as Miss Kathryn Reid and Mrs. Jessie Hoover. They were fined \$10, but the chief today remitted the fines, saying the joke was on himself.

Declamatory Contest.

Ekton, Ky., February 29—In a contest at the local training school, Raymond Sadler of Ekton was chosen to represent the school at the annual declamatory contest held at Vanderbilt University in May. The following students participated in the contest:

Robert Slemaker, Telu, Ky.; Keen Johnson, Vine grove, Ky.; Francis Uley, Eddyville, Ky.; Mode Spears Franklin, Ky.; Seth Bailey, Cadiz, Ky.; George Clardy, Paducah, Ky.; Edward Cook, Ford's Ferry, Ky.; William Crecllius, Owensboro, Ky.; Rufus McMican, Marion, Ky.; Raymond Sadler, Ekton, Ky.;

Hart Moves Up.

Lee Hart, who recently signed with the Philadelphia National league club, and who last season led the Kitty league in work with the willow, Tuesday evening, received a telegram from Manager Charles Doolin instructing him to report at West Baden, Ind., at once. Hart left early this morning. It is believed that he will stick with the Phillies as he is a hard hitter as well as a fast and heady base runner. Hart plays in the out field.—Paducah News Democrat.

Taylor's Son-in-law.

Indianapolis, March 1.—Edward Swager, a son-in-law of W S Taylor, of Kentucky, a former gubernatorial candidate, committed suicide with a revolver. The motive is unknown.

Chocolate and music have been introduced into a Swiss prison, with the idea of reforming the inmates.

In London and its suburbs there are twelve thousand dairies.

Don't you want a picture of a baby, made at home, in his every day dress, and in play-things. Call me up.

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Estray Notice.

Strayed Feb. 18, from Spring Hill, Farm, 1 1/2 miles off Clarksville pike, 10 miles South of Hopkinsville, one brindle cow and 2 Jersey heifers, fawn color, one with white spots.

Reward for return or information.
Phone 250-3.

J. O. STEGER.

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The finest line of samples ever seen in Hopkinsville, from the Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia, can be seen at the Kentuckian office. Come in and see them. We can please you, no matter what style you want for 1913.

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She Stayed in Bed.

Ingram, Texas.—"Ever since I became a woman," writes Mrs. E. M. Evans, of this place, "I suffered from womanly troubles. Last fall, I got so bad, I had to stay in bed for nearly a week every month. Since I have taken Cardui, I feel better than I have for years." You can rely on Cardui. It acts on the womanly organs and helps the system to regain its normal state of health in a natural way. Prepared especially for women, it prevents womanly pains by acting on the cause, and builds up womanly strength in a natural way. Purely vegetable. Mild, but certain in action. Try it.

A Grateful Father.

Galveston, Texas, Mar. 1—For saving the 4-year-old daughter of P. Ambrose of Portland in a train wreck six years ago, James Montgomery, a section hand on the Southern Pacific, living near El Paso, was left 10,000 acres of land in Pecos county, by the will of Ambrose, who died recently. Ambrose and family were en route to California when the accident occurred and Montgomery rescued the girl and her father through a car window.

Half the space back of the dashboard in a new automobile is utilized for a seat.

Simplicity in weddings is the unexpected sign of scarcity among the English aristocracy.

The average life of an elephant is one century, while a rabbit lives seven years and a cow fifteen.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"I wonder why it is that baseball has never become popular in Europe?"

"The explanation is very simple. In most of the countries over there it would be necessary for the fielders to stop and have their passports examined whenever a batter made a long hit."

THE USUAL WAY.

Marks—I married my wife a month after she accepted me.

Parks—That's nothing. I married mine three days after she refused me.

Sermons and Impressions.

In listening to a sermon or other address, there is this to be said: The next day, or perhaps the next hour, one cannot accurately report a single thing that is said. One may give an impression, in a very imperfect way that the whole discourse has made upon him, but as to any definite instruction, that is almost universally lacking.

A man will say: "That was a fine sermon," but to quote a line from it accurately is quite impossible. That has been our experience. We will feel the glow of an idea, maybe, but just what that idea is we cannot say. Perhaps it is not necessary. Perhaps it is well enough to feel only the influence of what was said.

Still, one should learn something definite from every sermon he hears. There is never a sermon that has not something in it worth remembering. One need not agree with it altogether, but if it is a sentence or a thought that has a beauty, a harmony, an appeal in it, it is worth calling to mind next day.—Ohio State Journal.

Named After Literary Men.

The death of Alfred Tennyson Dickens recalls the great novelist's penchant for naming his children after distinguished literary men and particularly after his contemporaries.

His eldest son, born in 1837, he christened after himself, Charles Culliford Box; his first daughter he named simply Mary; the second daughter, Kate Macready; the second son, born in 1841, Walter Landor; the third, born in 1844, Francis Jeffrey; the fourth, Alfred Tennyson; the fifth, Sydney Smith; the sixth, Henry Fielding; and the seventh, Edward Bulwer Lytton. Of these only Henry Fielding, who, like his namesake follows the law, now survives. One wonders somewhat why he passed over his great friend, John Forster, and his greatest contemporary, Thackeray.

Surgeon's Idea.

"Modern surgery has made great advances."
"But you can't make a crooked man straight."
"Oh, I don't know."
"What do you mean?"
"You can take away so much of his money that he will have to keep straight."

A Lead Pencil Danger.

In the United States the danger of putting pencils in the mouth has long been recognized, and in all the schools every precaution is taken to prevent the interchange of pencils as well as the moistening of them with the lips. A great many children and even their elders, who ought to know better, persist in putting pencils in their mouth regardless of the risk they run.

CHESTNUT LODGE

By A. Maria Crawford

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

"I am so glad," said Polly Moore, "that I came a day before your other guests, Aunt Phoebe. It gives me an opportunity to have a comfortable talk with you."

"Bob Gaines is coming this afternoon for the same reason. If my headache doesn't get better, I will be compelled to leave you two to entertain each other."

"Bob Gaines of all people! I believe I will catch your headache," moaned Polly. "Isn't it too bad that we dislike each other when you love us both and want to pair us off like cooling doves?"

"There is one thing that puzzles me, Polly. You have never seen Bob, he has never caught a glimpse of you, yet you claim that hate boils in your hearts. It isn't reasonable—mere prejudice! Somebody carried tales, yet neither of you will give the culprit away."

Polly glanced up at her Aunt Phoebe with mischief lurking in her blue eyes. "What will you give me to make this young person change his opinion of me? Chestnut lodge?" "That's not fair, Polly. I have willed you everything I have except this house and grounds. I promised it to Bob when he was thirty and I can't go back on my promise. The fact of the matter is that I have had it attended to legally. Bob gets the place next year."

"This house is the only thing in the world that I actually want. Look at these high ceilings, this wainscoting, the beautiful old mahogany and rosewood furniture, the rugs—all to go to a man that I despise! Why do you love him so, Aunt Phoebe? He isn't related in any way and I am your own sister's child."

Aunt Phoebe sat looking pensively in the fire where the big logs were blazing. Her face, crowned with its soft white hair, appeared singularly youthful and there was a reminiscent tenderness in her eyes.

"Polly," she said, "I am going to tell you why I love Bob Gaines and why I expect to give to him this house next year. He will be thirty then. His father courted me in this very room. I loved him, but I was a foolish young thing and flirted with everybody. You remind me of what I was in those days. He said that if I loved him I must give up all my other admirers. We quarreled about it and—she married Bob's mother."

"Oh, Aunt Phoebe dear, I didn't dream of anything like that. How often I must have hurt you! How true you have been through all these long, lonely years—true just to a memory. That," said Polly softly, her arms tight about the straight, aristocratic old figure, "this is what I call love! Everything in this room is suddenly fragrant with romance."

Miss Phoebe smiled at the eager young face so near her own. "Be kind to Bob when he comes. It is almost dark now, and a good night's sleep is what I need. My headache is really severe." Polly changed her traveling dress for a filmy little gown that looked as if it had been made of moonlight. The diamonds on her breast gleamed like stars in a summer sky. Why did she feel so antagonistic to Bob Gaines? She sat musing in the great chair that Miss Phoebe always occupied when she was downstairs. It was all because of a chance remark of the man's, made soon after the announcement that Polly Moore would inherit all her Aunt Phoebe's estate, that is, everything except Chestnut Lodge, the beautiful stone house built on a farm. Edith Tyson had told Polly what Bob Gaines was reputed to have said at his club.

"I suppose people will say that I ought to hunt up Polly Moore and marry her to get the rest of Miss Phoebe's wealth, but no spoiled flirt for me."

"Well," Polly had answered when Edith had repeated the remark, "the next time you see that young man please say that I would rather be an old maid than to marry an idle, red-headed Irishman. Aunt Phoebe told me his hair was red."

The message had been promptly delivered, and Polly and Bob had thereafter avoided each other.

When James switched on the lights in the hall Polly saw a good looking stranger standing there, a suitcase beside him. His hair, she noticed with a start of surprise, was not red, but brown.

When he had made himself presentable and entered the drawing room, Polly extended her hand cordially.

"At last we meet, Mr. Gaines. I am Polly Moore, as you probably know."

"One of the maids tells me that your aunt is indisposed. I am very sorry, but at the same time a little glad for it gives me a nice long evening with you."

Polly exerted all her efforts to charm the man. She remembered the sweet story of her Aunt Phoebe's romance and her heart was warm for this young fellow who might have been Miss Phoebe's own son. The man himself seemed strangely ill at ease, but Polly attributed it to the fact of their hitherto violent hatred.

"That cabinet over there of curios is worth a small fortune," he said, indicating a quaint hand-carved piece of furniture. "That amethyst neck

lace that belonged to some queen, I believe, is very valuable."

"Yes, indeed. Are you interested in Aunt Phoebe's collection? I think that she is very foolish to leave such things here even if she does have a sort of double lock, don't you?"

"Yes, but I suppose she trusts her servants." Polly excused herself presently. She wanted to run upstairs and ask about Aunt Phoebe before dinner, she said. When she reached the landing she heard a strange noise and went quickly down again thinking that a log had fallen from the fire and that she could help Bob put it back in place.

What she saw fairly paralyzed her. For a woman, she thought very quickly, and reached up to get a loaded pistol that Aunt Phoebe always kept on a high stand in the hall. Then she covered the man where he knelt before the famous cabinet slipping the jeweled necklace in his pocket.

"Hands up! I think," she said, coolly, "that I can shoot pretty straight. To think that you would steal from Aunt Phoebe!"

The man covered before the look in her face. "It's all a joke," he whimpered just as the door bell rang.

When Polly heard James enter the hall she spoke to him quietly, without taking her eyes from the burglar. "Hurry up, James, and see who is there. Be careful. Then come here."

"Well, hello, James. How's Aunt Phoebe? Tell her Bob's here," Polly heard a deep voice say. "What the devil does this mean?"

"Come and help me. I have caught a gentleman thief."

It took very little time for Bob and James to replace the valuables and tie their prisoner hand and foot. Then James and a big burly fellow from the stables stood guard over him in a locked room until the sheriff could arrive.

Phoebe was shaking before the fire when Bob went back to her. He handed her a glass of wine.

"I—I can't hold it," sobbed Polly. "I am scared to death."

"After you have been so brave? Here, I'll hold it. Drink it all."

But Polly's coolness had disappeared. "I—I can't, I tell you. Why, he could have murdered me and I—I talked to him about everything. Oh!" wailed Polly, "I'll never get over this—never!"

Bob put his strong, steady arms around her and held the wine to her mouth.

"Poor little girl!" he said soothingly. "Brace up. That was the bravest thing I ever saw a girl do. Nice scheme of that thief's. One of the maids was a confederate and she put him on to my coming and Aunt Phoebe's headache. He is certainly a bold, bad man. I admire you for what you did, even if you don't like red heads."

Polly glanced up where the firelight showed on Bob's hair.

"When, when I said that," she stammered, "I—I didn't know it was such a beautiful red."

Two hours later Miss Phoebe, feeling better, came into the room softly and saw two figures before the dancing flames. Polly's fair curls rested peacefully near the auburn locks of her favorite.

"This doesn't look exactly like hatred," she declared.

"It isn't," laughed Bob. "It's a case of old-fashioned love. Polly is going to marry me."

"You watch her, Bob," cautioned Miss Phoebe, "Polly is marrying you for this house."

"That's all right," agreed Bob cheerfully. "I don't care how, why or what her reasons may be, just so she marries me."

Polly helped Miss Phoebe to her big chair. "It had to be, Aunt Phoebe," she whispered, "I am the spirit of your love. Bob is the spirit of his father's. The memories in this room just reached out and drew our hearts together."

SOLVED PROBLEM OF SPEED

Engineer's Happy Thought Enabled Lusitania to Obtain Requirements Called For.

A year ago I crossed the ocean with Sir William White, the expert employed by the British government in building the fast vessels of their navy. We were on the Lusitania and he told me the story of that steamship. He was called in as counselor by the builders. When the boat was built, it was figured out that she should make twenty-three or twenty-four knots an hour. As a matter of fact, they could not get her above twenty-two knots, no matter how hard they drove the engines or how much coal they burned.

He instituted a series of experiments, and it finally occurred to him that it was useless to try to drive the engines harder. The propellers, driven beyond a certain speed, beat up the water so rapidly that the air united with the water, with the effect that the propellers found no corresponding resistance. The water was too light. It was as when a man pushes his feet against a pillow. It occurred to him to enlarge the blades of the propeller. When he added 25 per cent to the area of the blade, raising it from eighty to a hundred feet, at once the boat shot ahead up to the estimated speed.—Rev. H. A. Stinson in the Missionary Herald.

Putting Himself Right.

Mrs. Scant—Will you have another slice of cake, Robbie?
Robbie—No, thank you; mother said I must refuse a second piece, 'cause you mightn't have it to spare.—Judea.

A Cash Offer.

The Kentuckian has made a special clubbing rate with The Memphis Weekly Commercial Appeal by which we will furnish both papers for one year for the very low subscription price of \$2.25. The Commercial Appeal is one of the largest and best papers in the South, and we hope to receive many new subscriptions on this offer: \$2.25 cash for both papers.

Public Invitation.

The new picture of Judge John R. Grace (dec'd.) Judge J. I. Landes (dec'd.) and Hon. James B. Garnett, of Cadiz, Ky., can be seen at the BOWLES STUDIO for one week before being placed in the circuit court room, by the committee. We invite everybody, ladies and gentlemen, interested to call and see these great pictures, before they leave our studio.

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W. R. BOWLES, Photographer.

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